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THE  
Trinitarin COMBAT:  
OR,  
CALVINS Instruction  
TO THE  
Young Academicks:  
IN A  
Discourse lately Deliver'd  
AT  
SALTERS-HALL.

---

By their old Friend *Tho. Standfast.*

---

*Ætas Parentum, Pejor avis, tulit  
Nos nequiores; mox daturos  
Progeniem vitiosorem: Hor. Od. vi. Lib. 3.*

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L O N D O N:  
Printed in the YEAR, 1719.  
(Pr. 6.)

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GALILEO'S INSTRUCTION

TO THE

Young Academicks:

IN A

Discourse lately Deliver'd

AT

SALTERS-HALL.

By their old friend & friend of the

After Preaching, & for ever, with

Not without; and deliver

Progenies with Honor: Hor. Od. vi. l. 13.

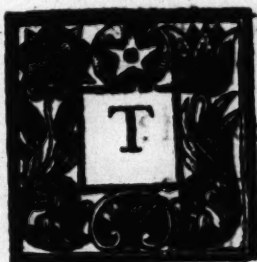
LONDON:

Printed in the YEAR, 1719.

(P. 6.)



THE  
Trinitarian Combat.



O view this wretched Town, what  
Man can Live,

And o'er the flagrant Vices cease  
to grieve;

Where Infants scarcely from the  
tender Paps,

No other Food can Suck than Faction's Sap;

That Children yet unborn may curse the Wombs.

That teem'd such Apes, and proved not their Tombs,

Injustice, Cruelty, oppressive Weight,

Men do betray, and then accuse their Fate,

Such Blasphemy abounding ev'ry where,

Who can but Speak, what Mortal can forbear,

Can Church-men stay, where Prelates in a Town?

Let Tub-men rule, and Cloaks controul the Gown,

31Y

No!

No ! to some distant Region I'll repair,  
 Where Truth and Justice may themselves declare,  
 Not where Ambition fires the vital Blood,  
 Nor where all honour crave, but few what's good,  
 Where Vice on *Eagles* wings immortal flies,  
 Whilst Virtue is no sooner Born but Dyes ;  
 Scorn and Contempt is grown its chief support,  
 But Vice the Fav'rite every one does Court ;  
 Who can abstain, when Ministers of God,  
 Are Mock'ry made, nay worry'd thus and rode,  
 Yet see our Streets thus crowded ev'ry where,  
 With holy Cheats the Murderers of Pray'r ;  
 No ! I'm resolv'd to quit it, what should I ?  
 Do in the Town that have not learnt to Lie,  
 In vain 'twill be, I can't the Truth disown,  
 Nor flatter Fops, nor vouch a thing unknown ;  
 I can't give whining Pedants false applause,  
 Nor say Injustice is a righteous Cause ;  
 Nor can I yield that Truth is in Non-Cons,  
 But stile them Treach'rous, Lewd, designing ones ;  
 Nor think Dissenters Plea of force so great,  
 That *London* Cases never answer'd yet ;  
 Nor can I say whatever others think,  
 But all their Pleas are only wast of ink ;



Yet this I needs must do, be forc'd to Swear  
 Black's White, White's Black, if I'll live quiet there,  
 I never could so far abuse my Wits,  
 To further Villains in their pious Cheats,  
 Nothing can bribe Me to abjure my Sense,  
 And praise dull Coxcombs for Impertinence,  
 Or hear base jargon stil'd a heav'nly Gift,  
 And lew'd Confessions counted holy Shrift,  
 Hear wretched Cant cry'd up for godly Strains,  
 And Paradoxes Puzzle human Brains ;  
 I can't forbear, but just Resentment show,  
 And open the Fountain whence these Vices flow ;  
 Then Satyr first in *Salters-Hall* survey,  
 The grand Cabal drawn up in Bold array,  
 With Tolleration arm'd, resolv'd to wage,  
 Fresh War with Heav'n, and shew Fanatick Rage ;  
 Like as the fallen Angels once had done,  
 Oppos'd the Father, now will they the Son ;  
 Deists did ne'er in such Perfection Reign,  
 Now God as well as Man they dare Arraign ;  
 Each ran as Chance did guide to ser'ral Post,  
 And all to pattern Hell's Example boast,  
 Old *Cromwell's* Trophies they recall to mind,  
 And with new Blasphemy's their courage grind ;

When

When soon the Ignominious Throng agree,  
 To put to Proof the Lords Supremacy;  
 With rally'd Arms they try, the Troops divide,  
 Bold as *Aegon*, who great Jove defied  
 This part with Hell and that with Heaven does side,  
 Satan advanc'd, and first the Onset made,  
 And Hells Chaotick Flag, he forth display'd;  
 Inflam'd with Ire, his mark of Sov'reign Sway,  
 And jarring Sounds prelude the dreadful Fray;  
 His fiery Darts inflamming volleys flew,  
 And straight the adverse Legions back withdrew;  
 More they advanc'd, the more they still gave way,  
 Least they to darkness fell a vanquish'd Prey;  
 Nature was shockt, it made her Visage change,  
 To hear Fanatick Zeal appear so strange,  
 Amaz'd She stood, her Face was not the same,  
 For terrour struck each Passion of her Frame;  
 Fearing the vengeance of th' Almighty's Rod,  
 Cast by their Spears, and own'd the Son for God;  
 Coequal with the Father, offspring bright,  
 Pure effluent splendor of Eternal Light.

This heard, and up the Arian Party sprung,  
 And open War thro' all their Host was rung;

Th'

Th' Apostate Hero's fierce began to wield,  
 The Spirits Sword, and vow'd they ne'er wou'd yield,  
 'Till Satan reign'd Triumphant in the Field,  
 Arm'd with Infernal Weapons, Stiff deny,  
 Heav'ns purest Light coequal Majesty,  
 Firm to erect a Second Babels Tow'r,  
 Disown'd the son of Gods Almighty Pow'r;  
 Searching the Womb of Nature to Support,  
 Eternal Anarchy and Chaos Court;  
 Under impenetrable Darknes Sway,  
 To shun the Road of Light, and loose their way;  
 Then safely to secure his heedless Throng,  
 Whom no Religion ever dwelt among,  
 The Ag'd seducer with obdurate breast,  
 And unrelenting mind, thus hail'd his Guest;  
 My Friends I wonder not you look so strange,  
 On this so suddain unexpected Change;  
 And straight the Rostrum Mounted in the Hall,  
 Where with his deep-fetch'd Sighs he mov'd 'em all;  
 Then trickled from his Eyes dissembled tears,  
 And thus employ'd his Auditorys Ears:  
 I who so long have sifted and refin'd,  
 The clouded Reason of each hardend Mind:

I that so long have taught you to despise,  
 These Trinitarian Tenets as gross Lies,  
 All the dark Rules of making so phisims taught;  
 And to perfection many Saints have brought;  
 All Metaphysick Nicety's have Read,  
 And Ethick precepts consonant have made,  
 To the deep Plots, that Hell and I have laid,  
 Am now deserted by a Host of Fools,  
 The Church of Englands Canon over-rules;  
 Let dastard Spirits dread a future State,  
 Such apprehensions shan't our Schemes abate;  
 Furnish't with all Materials fit to raise,  
 A high Superlative of Hellish Praise,  
 I'll flatter, Lie, for Falshood and Deceit,  
 Are Virtues gam the Worlds most high Conceit;  
 These to a Fortune will advance you sure,  
 But Faith and Truth no happiness procure,  
 Truth's the Prelaticks staff to rest upon,  
 But we are strong enough to Walk alone;  
 Truth is a stranger to the dark designs,  
 We'd have prevail in these degen'rate Times;  
 All Faiths are to their own Believers true,  
 Then persevere in that I've preach'd to you,

I can



I can afford you hopes to feed upon,  
 So still persist we'll drive the Measures on,  
 For Men that glory now in Reason Use,  
 By Reasons grown most Subject to abuse,  
 Uneasy with what God to them assign'd,  
 And for redress recur to Humankind ;  
 Thus when we've done our Ancestors no shame,  
 They'll grudge our happy End, and wish the same,  
 But e're that happen, thro' the love I bear,  
 To you that now my dear Disciples are,  
 Will not permit me Sons to let you go,  
 E're you the Myst'ry of Dissenters know.

With Subtile wit I thought my self compleat,  
 For any Mischief fit, or any Cheat ;  
 Of Parentage unknown to *London* fled,  
 To shew one Monster more than *Affrick* bred ;  
 For hither all we Saints for Preachers come,  
 To this great City, as our Native home ;  
 O ! how I joy to tell it, then I took,  
 Upon my Back the Venerable Cloak,  
 And learnt the frauds of wise Dissenting Men,  
 Vow Secrecy I'll tell 'em you again ;

When first the Cloak about your shoulder twines;  
 Tho' you were Rakes before, your then Divines;  
 Then learn wherein a holy gesture lyes,  
 Learn first to Walk, and look, and talk precise;  
 And next to fold the Hands, 'tis useful found,  
 Still to look forward, leaning on the ground,  
 Not but you now and then may look askance,  
 And give a pretty Nymph an am'rous glance;  
 Besure put on a sober Serious Face,  
 It is an outward sign of Inward Grace,  
 I'd have you hold your Heads, could I prevail,  
 Oft' o'er burnt brimstone, that will make you pale,  
 This, with a fullen look's the best of Paint,  
 To make your faces bear the stamp of Saint,  
 All other ways to this is dull and faint;  
 Seldom or never be you seen abroad,  
 And to the People talk of none but God;  
 If you're in Company don't laugh or smile,  
 Least Strangers for your Mirth the Saints revile;  
 But when in Congregation you're at Pray'rs,  
 Besure Remember that you wring some Tears;  
 But if your Nature's such you cannot Weep,  
 A bruised Onion in your Wiper keep,

Or some Strong Spirits in a bottle get,  
 Which as occasion Serves, may do the feat ;  
 Nor is this all, this will not do alone,  
 Add to these tears a Melancholy Tone ;  
 No wond'rous Titles to your Selves assume,  
 Nor on your Learning very much Presume,  
 Let Ministers or Pastors be your Name,  
 'Gainst Bishops, Cannons, and the like exclaim ;  
 Still take heed t'expound the Scripture letter,  
 Naked as 'tis, the Saints approve it better ;  
 No stated Forms of pray'r be said by you,  
 Amuse the People still with something new ;  
 Cry up Extemp're Pray'r to be the best,  
 Say Forms are Brats of Mass, a perfect jest ;  
 Infallibility with *Rome* tho' claim,  
 And with the Papal Chair pronounce the same ;  
 Say in the Pope they Place the Power alone,  
 But you the Saints must claim it ev'ry one ;  
 He shall the best Succeed that still pretends,  
 He nothing says, but what the Spirit lends ;  
 For it shall soon be rumour'd all abroad,  
 That he's a Saint of Christ a Man of God ;  
 When you're in Tub, be all your Sermons plain,  
 And



And of the Peoples Ignorance complain;  
 Let your great Copy for Expression be  
 + *Baxter* his Works, or *Sidney's* Arcady;  
 Be not to lavish of your Sacred Store,  
 Least you be forc'd to run too much on score;  
 Let the first Sermon be almost the next,  
 And into forty Members split a Text;  
 Let Second Sunday be but little More,  
 Than what was said the Sunday Week before;  
 Let one long Head or two, to that be join'd,  
 And say you'll fix it on the Peoples Mind;  
 Yet let your Congregation know no more,  
 At six Months end, then what they knew before;  
 You'll find his Sermons always pass for good;  
 Who labours most, and least is understood;  
 Off' on your Breasts, your pious Hands display,  
 And Fools will easy credit all you say  
 If you can do it, 'tis a useful art,  
 To get your Sermons, as your Pray'rs by heart;  
 But if you cannot in this way confide,  
 — Let Handkerchief your little Note-book hide,  
 So 'tis but now and then to blow your Nose,  
 And you may see what next in order goes.



Nor dose the Publick take up half the Art,  
 Which I to you have Promis'd to impart :  
 The private Methods which you ought to use,  
 To keep those Fools you've got, and more seduce,  
 This is the weighty Work, the holy Trade,  
 That calls for all th' invention of the Head ;  
 Whether on Town or Country you attend,  
 To ev'ry part your Emissarys send ;  
 Give them their Charge, they ought to serve their  
 (God,  
 And say their Pains were gainfully bestow'd  
 Can they but ease some Christians of their Load,  
 Who are oppress'd by publick Common-Pray'r,  
 Service that Scripture no where does aver ;  
 Let them go spread themselves all o'er the Town,  
 And learn where any Discontents are grown ;  
 Advising Men, by serious grave Converse,  
 All Lets to their Conversion to disperse,  
 But if they cannot, let 'em humbly crave,  
 That you a Visit once or twice Vouchsafe ;  
 This granted (if they're wealthy) don't defer,  
 But fix the time and place for him or her ;  
 First seem to blame 'em they're so fickle grown,  
 That

That they for any Chuch will leave their own ;  
 Pump 'em and try, what Reasons they can give,  
 For which their Pastor, and their Church they leave;  
 Pretend to clear their doubts, tho' at that time,  
 Secretly charge their Worship with some Crime ;  
 Real or feig'd, that matters not, take care,  
 Its such as they can't, you will never clear ;  
 Next sev'ral Reasons urge, but chiefly those,  
 For which they first a Separation chose ;  
 And then you've nothing more, but to devise,  
 For all its sev'ral Parts great Calumnies,  
 In all their Service find or make great flaws,  
 This place and that do contradict Gods Laws;  
 This posture's needless, That again's desil'd,  
 This service should be Superstition stil'd,  
 Such as the Crossing of the Baptiz'd Child,  
 And kneeling round the Sacramental Board,]  
 To serve the Blood and Body of the Lord,  
 So bowing all to Jesus in the Creed ?  
 Strange Dads that undertake the Child to breed ;  
 In all those pious ways there Church decree,  
 Say this won't suit with Gospel Decency,  
 Say, Priest nor Doctrine can religious be,

But

But what is Nurst in your Academie,  
Where's new Religions taught for ev'ry one,  
And different ways and Paths to Heav'n made known.

Be it the Husband which you've thus decoy'd,  
Tell him that all his holy Change is void,  
Unless the Body do attend the Head,  
Unless that he his Wife from Church perswade,  
Say, he must judge for her, nor must she go,  
To Church, unless that he will have it so;  
But if it be the Wife, give her strict Charge,  
That she her Duty to her Man discharge;  
Teaze him, and never let him quiet take,  
Till he the Churches trumpery for sake;  
Tell her whatever Volumes for him plead,  
She may, Nay ought to Burn or Sell, not Read;  
But let her next take Care he often see,  
The injur'd Poor Dissenters Right'ous Plea,  
Or such like Books, which by their Authors were,  
Penn'd for the Ruin of the Common-Pray'r;  
And that your Project may the surer move,  
Tell her some senceless Tale of Heav'n above;  
This done, then strictly charge both him and her,

For Propogating Worship to concurr;  
*Imprimis,* He that first seduc'd 'em both;  
 Begs Charity their Spirituall Dad to Cloath;  
 For from their store 'twere Barbarous to grudge;  
 Assistance to their needy pious Drudge;  
*Item,* for what they ev'ry Sabbath hear,  
 Good Sermons, faithfull Teaching, Godly Pray'r;  
 They can't for Yearly Pension less afford,  
 Then Ten good Cobs, 'tis lent unto the Lord;  
 And shews their Spirit is of Gods descent,  
 Who surely will their Treasure much Augment;  
*Thirdly!* for Sacred Board, they can't decline,  
 One sicke a Year for Bread, a Crown for Wine;  
*Fourthly,* for Fast-day Sermons, Days of praise,  
 An Angel yearly is the feast he craves;  
*Lastly,* towards a Fund that must be had,  
 For rearing here and there a hopeful Lad;  
 In their Academies, that God mayn't want,  
 Within his Vintage Labourers to Cant;  
 An annual Noble for such Godly Ends,  
 They ought to give, and God will make amends;  
 This sign'd, then next to Son and Daughter Preach,  
 To see how for their new fledg'd Zeal will reach;



For Preaching, Pray'rs and Supper, some what's due,  
Between 'em both, at least a Crown or two ; now if  
Twere hard that he must find their Souls supply : A  
Of Heav'nly things, and they their aid deny :

This gain'd! the House is yours, then come  
(there off'  
Under Pretence the young ones must be taught ;  
And if that time should make the Teacher bold,  
Who of the Daughters ignorance takes hold,  
And often times designedly declaims,  
Against the vile debauch'ry Nature frames,  
And in his Satyrs cunningly displays,  
What arts lewd Gamesters use, their Lust to Raise ;  
Till he at last has buzz'd into her Ears,  
Lectures of Lust, instead of private Pray'rs,  
And he begins to kiss her, tells her too,  
Nature as well as Grace must have its due,  
Tells her that God Almighty has design'd,  
Joys for the Body, equal with the mind ;  
And urges Nature might direct the way,  
And chides the Innocent for her delay ;  
Affures her 'tis no Sin, if out of Zeal,

She lets her holy Teacher take a Meal ;  
 If won ; the Cobweb salvos you can spin,  
 At any time will hide a Brothers Sin ;  
 Then if she's Rich, she's yours by meer constraint,  
 Else let some Convert have the Virgin Saint ;  
 And you from holy Tub, in Whining Lays,  
 Sing to the Cully chaste *Clotilda's* praise,  
 Nay make your Consecrated Bagpipe roar,  
 To make a meer *Lucretia* of your Whore,  
 Thus with your Art the Rich the wealthy ply,  
 The rest will follow of Necessity ;  
 Yet must you not the Poorest Wretch disdain,  
 But visit them when sickly or in pain ;  
 Kindly advise them, let who will be their,  
 How they for Heav'n a certain course may steer ;  
 This often times succesful proves to be,  
 And gets repute of great Humility,  
 Oft' have I known, for I these ways have play'd,  
 A brace of Converts at a visit made ;  
 But if you find, they've any hoarded Pelf,  
 Request a gift to God, that is your self,  
 They'll bribe with presents, or if presents fail,  
 With direful Vengeance all the House assail,

Pronounce

Pronounce Damnation Roundly in their Ears,  
 If not their wealth, to draw away their Tears;  
 When to a wealthy Brothers House you go,  
 Hint that assurance may be had below;  
 Tell such they should their own Condition try,  
 To learn how fair their Souls for Heaven lye;  
 Tell 'em that Bosom-lusts and darling Crimes,  
 He must forsake, that future blifs designs;  
 Tho' this seems hard, they must not be dismay'd,  
 He that performs it, will be roundly pay'd,  
 Offer your succour if they will but tell,  
 Where they most prevalent Temptations feel;  
 If they love Whores, be you not too severe,  
 Least you should force them into dull despair,  
 He'll glib the Case, and let him know most sure,  
 A slight Repentance will effect a Cure;  
 But if you can perswade him let it be,  
 Only th' effect of Mans in firmity;  
 But this or some such like offensive flaw,  
 May serve to keep the easy fool in awe,  
 Then no need fear, the Bounty of his purse,  
 Say you'll divulge it, if he won't disburse;  
 Exert your Pow'r, say 'tis deriv'd from God,

And

And cause the Fool to Tremble at your Nod ;  
 His House, his Coin, his all's at your Command,  
 If you in need at any time should stand ;  
 Thus have I had some scores upon my Scrowls,  
 I've drain'd their Coffers, if not sav'd their Souls.

Yet you must gravely damn the Sin of Lust,  
 And say that Pox and Clap show God is just ;  
 To warn your Flock and keep them Chast and pure,  
 Least they such heavy judgments should endure ;  
 Say, those are scourges God in mercy sends,  
 To his dear Sons, whom he for Heav'n intends ;  
 The Flux is only his Paternal Rod,  
 The sanctify'd affliction of their God,  
 'Tis but a means for holy Saints to see,  
 Gods bounty to them in their misery ;  
 But oh ! of Whoredom you'd not guilty be  
 For all the Treasures of the Earth and Sea ;  
 Tho' full as just might Leach'rous *Aretine*,  
 Against immodest Women Cant and whine,  
 Or bloody Jesuits soft Compassion Teach,  
 Or pious *Nell* against Rebellion Preach :  
 And if at any time you chance to share,

In



In these Afflictions, and a part to bear,  
 And from the painful Ulcers, Sores, or Boils,  
 Sharp pain you feel, Cry on these racking Piles,  
 Such torture yields, you'd gladly meet your Fate,  
 In that dark passage to your future state,  
 For then from Grief and pain, you should be free,  
 And dwell among the saintly Pedigree;  
 But still the sad Disaster neer disclose,  
 'Till down at once your holy Fabrick goes,  
 For should the Trump of Fame once lead the news,  
 What shameful rumours dayly she'd diffuse,  
 The spreading Noise would Multiply around,  
 And Eccho's in repeated Eccho's Sound,  
 To scandalize us Saints, whom Heaven knows,  
 Are on this Earthly stage, its greatest Foes.

For Avarice, Pride, Contention, what it will,  
 All must be gently, Nicely handled still;  
 On Avarice the Name of Thrift bestow,  
 And if he's wisely lewd and jolly too,  
 Then for a cheerful Christian he shall go;  
 So if he's full of Pride and haughty grown,  
 Alas his thoughts from Earth to Heav'n are flown;

His minding that so much, his *Converse* there,  
 Makes the good Man unfociable here ;  
 Contention, be to make Mens Knav'ry known,  
 Or else a good Mans keeping of his own ;  
 But if he's careless caught in tipling holes,  
 At Night spends high, and quaffs the jolly Bowls,  
 So that in greasy Coat he often go,  
 Tis his Humility that makes him so,  
 He does not think his Body worth his pain,  
 He minds his Inner, not his outward Man ;  
 If he be caught when busie with his Whore,  
*David* did that, and *Judah* worse before ;  
 But if unfit to have his reeking Punk,  
 The Conquer'd Saint be carryed home dead Drunk,  
 And has not breath to call for t'other Pot,  
 Good firs what's that, 'twas worse with Father Lot ;  
 Or else in Trance his Soul is march'd abroad,  
 And doubtless now in Heav'n discourses God ;  
 If he has run his Merchandize nor pay'd,  
 What Duty Parliament has on it laid,  
 Why sure the King has never half his due,  
 Since others cheat him, he may do it too ;  
 If he defrauds his Neighbour, 'tis no wrong,

In Case he does not too, their Tribe belong ;  
 Say God will ne'er abet the Wicked Crew,  
 His Blessings are unto the Right'ous due,  
 It was no stealth, when *Israel's* flying Band,  
 Pilferd by fraud the vile *Egyptians* Land,  
 Which Plainly proves it is no crime at all,  
 If undescry'd we can the Wicked spoil ;  
 For Swearing, Lieing, and some dozens more,  
 Alledge good Saints that did the same before ;  
 And from them argue that the best of Men,  
 Have been thus guilty of such foolish Sin,  
 Those Peccadillos still have venial bin,  
 Still as your Congregations do encrease,  
 Be sure sheer close, but never peel the Fleece ;  
 Look grave, Austere, still rally at the Crimes,  
 Of other Sects and vices of the times ;  
 But still be sure you claw and dawb the Crown,  
 Ply to the Prince that sits upon the Throne,  
 Till you shall find your party Mighty grown,  
 Mighty enough Rebellion to create,  
 And make new Alterations in the State,  
 To tread the haughty Miter in the dust,  
 And from the Throne the Present Monarch thrust ;



Then suborn'd Witness shall his Fame abuse,  
 And of high Crimes his Majesty accuse,  
 Such Crimes as once to *Charles's* charge were laid,  
 May make the *British* Throne once more afraid,  
 Then of no other Satisfaction hear  
 But having what the Royal Shoulders bear.

And now methinks fill'd with Prophetick Rage,  
 I see the glory of the Bloody Stage,  
 How the proud Miter and the feeble Crown,  
 Before the blest Republick tumble down ;  
 As 'twas in Days of yore, but oh I rue,  
 When I our ancient tim'rous dullness View ;  
 Willing to shew how gentle we could be,  
 We basely mist the happy opportunity ;  
 But if I know you well ? I think I do,  
 Those ancient Times shall be out-done by you ;  
 When once we've got the manage of the Laws,  
 All shall be Quakers that resist our Cause,  
 I know you scorn to Sin by Poor retail,  
 Kill by the gret, and glut the jaws of Hell,  
 No dastard Jesuit for Example chuse,  
 'Tis poorly cruel all that they e'er use,

But



Put Hell it self upon the Rack to show,  
 What Secret arts, its Skilful Devils know,  
 To torture bodys, and undo their Souls,  
 And choak the Grottos with religious sholes,  
 Of pious Vot'rys, of Prelatick Fools;  
 He said! and straight the young obsequious Fry,  
 Clap their bold Hands, and three times Euge cry;  
 Hugg the descending Saint and gravely swear,  
 That they in endless Secrecy will bear,  
 And Practice the Advice he did declare.

F I N I S.



For Hell is full upon the Rock to show,  
 What Secret sins, his Still and Devil know,  
 To weary beds, and under their Sails,  
 And chook the Grottoes with religious Tales,  
 Of pious Voyages, of Priestly Fools,  
 He said! and straight the young obdurate  
 Clap their bold Hands, and three times three  
 Hung the descending Sins and gravely swear,  
 That they in endless Sins will bear,  
 And practice the Advice he did declare.

FINIS



*[Handwritten signature]*

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